THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 12, 1804.

Character of the late Sir George Shuckburgh Evelyn, Bart. M. P.

IF he had ſome defects, he was not without many excellencies; and, in the conſideration of character, it is always right to place the one againſt the other; for a man's real worth may be termed all that remains over, after deducting the ſum of his vices from that of his virtues. Perhaps, after making this deduction, enough will remain to Sir George Shuckburgh Evelyn to attach us to his character, and to make us lament his loſs. The good which he did with his fortune, was not certainly proportioned to its extent: his charities were few, but thoſe few were not ſullied by any oſtentation. Pecuniary diſtreſs he had never felt himſelf, and he hardly knew how to compaſſionate that diſtreſs in others. Poverty, indeed, in his mind, often partook of the nature of crime, as he thought, though very unjuſtly, that it could never be aſſociated with ſtrength of principle, or probity of conduct. Had this obſervation been as univerſally juſt, and as generally concluſive, as he ſeemed to imagine, he did not conſider what a reflection it conveyed upon himſelf; for, in this caſe, his own probity on which he valued himſelf ſo highly, was not owing to his principles, but to his circumſtances; not to his moral capacity to reſiſt the temptation to private and political diſhoneſty, but to the extrinſic advantages of his fortune, which rendered him inſenſible to the lure.

Of bodily ſuffering he had for the laſt ſix years of his life experienced a conſiderable ſhare; and I believe that he could, with unfeigned concern, paſſively ſympathize with thoſe ſufferings in his fellow-creatures. I have often obſerved, that when any tale of peculiar diſtreſs has been related in his hearing, a tear would ſtand in his eyes, a ſure indication of humane feel-

ing and delicate ſenſibility. But if, notwithſtanding this, ſome ſcheme had been propoſed for relieving the ſuffering object, and ſome demand had been made on his practical generoſity, it is more than probable that, inſtead of obeying the inſtinctive impulſes of humanity, he would have thrown ſome impediment in the way of the project by cold and ſelfiſh calculations. His mathematical ſtudies had certainly had the effect of repreſſing the ſpirit of his beneficence, and chilling the more generous feelings of his nature. He who ſcruples to relieve others till he has demonſtrative proof of the reality of the diſtreſs, or of the merit of the diſtreſſed, or of the efficacy of the relief which is propoſed, will find few opportunities, in the fluctuations and imperfections of human life, of exerciſing his beneficence. Sir George's habit of thinking and acting in the common routine of life, were adjuſted to a rule, which admitted of little variation, and to which he expected every one elſe to conform. His feelings of benevolence were, I believe, not deficient in warmth; but they uſually evaporated as they aroſe, for want of being ſtrengthened by habits of practical beneficence.

The irritability of his temper, originating in a too ſenſitive ſtructure of his phyſical temperament, and ſtrengthened, as it unfortunately was, by continued indulgence, inſtead of being repreſſed and moderated as it might have been, by a vigilant ſelf-government, while it contributed more than any thing elſe, to multiply his vexations, and to aggravate every pain which he felt, often rendered him an object rather of contempt than of reſpect; of averſion, than of love, to his family and dependents. And yet with all this, he had many ſocial qualites. He was a cheerful and inſtructive companion: his flow of ſpirits ſeemed incapable of exhauſtion. At his table, he was uſually affable and courteous; and though there was nothing like a laviſh profuſion, there was nothing like a niggard parſimony in the exerciſe of his hoſpitality. He prided himſelf on his knowledge of mankind, and on his power of penetrating into the motives and characters of men. But he was too prone to trace actions to an impure ſource; and a ſuſpicious temper, in which there was at bottom ſome infuſion of malignity, made him imagine that every body, with whom he had any dealings, was watching an opportunity to cheat him; and that the whole world hardly contained another honeſt man beſides himſelf. Such a diſpoſition was not favourable to inward ſatisfaction; indeed it ſubjected him to the corroſion of continual diſcontent. The large acceſſion to his fortune, which was the effect of his laſt marriage, rather narrowed than enlarged his heart: he ſeems rather to have rejoiced in it as the ſignal of ſuperiority, than as the means of doing more extenſive good. He would, probably, have been an happier man, if he had not poſſeſſed more than

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enough for the common neceſſaries, and a few of the rational comforts and pleaſures of life.

There was the utmoſt methodical preciſion in every thing which he did; and the whole economy of his affairs, as far as it was under his own immediate ſuperintendance, was like a well-contrived and well-compacted piece of joinery, conſtructed by an artiſt, who can take the whole to pieces, and put it together again without confuſion or miſtake. There was not a bill, or letter, or paper, in his poſſeſſion, which had not its appropriate ſtation; and which he knew not where to find whenever it was wanted. He applied the method and preciſion of mathematical ſcience to the minuteſt intereſts of his domeſtic eſtabliſhment. Every key which he had was ticketted; every napkin regiſtered. Of all the deeds in his poſſeſſion relative to his numerous and large eſtates, he had an accurate and copious abſtract, which ſaved him the trouble of referring to the originals. He had exact delineations not only of every acre of land, but of every farm-houſe, barn, ſtable, or out-houſe, which he poſſeſſed. It ſeemed to be his object through life to fortify himſelf againſt the knavery and cunning of mankind: but the pains and vexations which he ſuffered from his unremitting vigilance to counteract imaginary frauds, were perhaps greater than perſons, leſs inclined to miſanthrophy and ſuſpicion, ever feel from the ſenſe of real impoſition.

In his public character, Sir G. Shuckburgh was certainly more pure and unſullied than in his private. During the ſeveral parliaments in which he repreſented the county of Warwick, not an inſtance can be mentioned of his venal or corrupt tergiverſation. Had he been placed in any ſtation of financial truſt, the country could not have had a more rigid or inflexible economiſt of the public money. While his health remained, he was ſedulous in his attendance in parliament; and no man could ſhew more diligence, more fidelity, or zeal, in tranſacting the buſineſs of the county which had ſo often choſen him for its repreſentative. If we place the merit of his public conduct againſt the imperfections of his private, we ſhall be able in ſome meaſure to reſtore the virtuous equilibrium of his character.

After having examined his moral, it may be right to ſay ſomething of his intellectual endowments. His reading was various and extenſive, and he never read any thing that he did not thoroughly digeſt. His memory was retentive; his taſte diſcriminating; and his imagination, which was far from being wanting in luxuriance, never impaired the ſolidity of his judgment. His ſtyle was clear and determinate, without any artificial colouring, or oſtentatious glare. His philoſophical habits and, what may be called, the cloſe-fitted logic which he had acquired in the ſtudy of the mathematics, made him more anxious to convey

his meaning to the underſtanding, than ſtudious to captivate by any rhetorical decorations. There was always more imagery, more vivacity of thought, more novelty of combination, in the unpremeditated effuſions of his colloquial diſcourſe, than in the more deliberate compoſitions of his pen. He was not ill-read in the Greek authors, and he was intimately familiar with the Latin. The latter language he wrote with propriety and eaſe.

He had read and reflected a great deal on medical ſubjects. The long illneſs which himſelf and his laſt lady, who died ſeveral years before him, had experienced, contributed to give this direction to his thoughts and ſtudies. On his own and his lady's account he had conſulted moſt of the faculty of any eminence in the kingdom. But as it is probable that no phyſician ever had a more diſagreeable patient, ſo it is certain that no patient was ever leſs diſpoſed to think well of his phyſician, or to give him the ſmalleſt credit either for liberality or ſkill. He required demonſtrative proof of the nature of diſeaſe and the operation of medicines, in caſes in which the impervious obſcurity of the ſubject will not admit of any thing more than a probable conjecture; and becauſe he could not obtain that proof, and every intricate and perplexing queſtion which he aſked, could not be immediately reſolved, he condemned with unmerciful ſeverity both the art and the practitioners. Indeed I always found, that the ignorance of medical men was among the favourite topics of his invective. He did not conſider that the art of healing, like every other art, in which the wit and ingenuity of man were concerned, could not ſuddenly reach the acme of perfection; that it was progreſſive; that its progreſs has been very rapid within theſe few laſt years; and that the late diſcoveries and improvements in chemical, in phyſical, and moral ſcience, have enabled us to overcome many diſeaſes which were long eſteemed incurable: and that though there are many which we cannot cure, there are few which we cannot alleviate, as he himſelf experienced; and that only a partial alleviation of ſuffering is what ought to excite our gratitude, rather than inflame our diſcontent.

The philoſophical labours of Sir George Shuckburgh are thoſe on which muſt principally reſt the baſis of his intellectual fame. Here no man was more wary of making haſty inferences, or of forming general concluſions from partial and inaccurate obſervations. Truth was his only object; and he endeavoured to diſcover truth and to detect error by the moſt patient and unremitting vigilance. Had he devoted more of his time to theſe purſuits, it is probable that he would have had few ſuperiors in philoſophical celebrity. The pains which he took to adjuſt a regular and uniform ſtandard of weights and meaſures, the tardy cautiouſneſs of his experiments, the accuracy of his calcula-

tions,

tions, and the practicability of his ſcheme, entitle him to the warmeſt praiſe; and the zeal, talent, and diligence, which he employed in a meaſure of ſuch vaſt national concern, may deſervedly claim for him a place of no common diſtinction among thoſe who have promoted the welfare of their country.

Much remains to be added to complete the picture of his character. This is only a rude and imperfect ſketch, neither elaborated by ſtudy, nor poliſhed into elegance; but it will, perhaps, be found to exhibit a faithful and impartial reſemblance of the man.

R. FELLOWES.

Account of the Murder of Prince Alfred in 1036.

[From the Daniſh of Mr. Suhm.]

ENGLAND ſtood thus on the death of Knud:—Hardeknud, who was at one time conſidered by the Engliſh as the heir-apparent to the throne, according to the arrangement of Knud and Emma, was abſent in Denmark, which he was heir to, and which he governed as regent. The beſt and moſt of the Engliſh writers, as well as the encomiaſt of Emma, agree in this;* ſo that little credit is to be given to ſome later hiſtorians, who ſay, that he was in England at the time of his father's death: for if this had been the caſe, he would have ſeized immediately on the Engliſh crown. Harald, Knud's ſon by Alfifa, was preſent in England, when his father died; and poſſeſſed, at the time, a part of Scotland as his patrimony. He was young, lively, and affable; and, through theſe qualities, had won the hearts of the Danes ſettled in England, as well as many of the Engliſh themſelves. It ſhould not then be matter of ſurprize, if he embraced ſo favourable an opportunity to aſcend the Engliſh throne, in the abſence of his brother, who was already in poſſeſſion of a kingdom; ſo that, according to the opinion of thoſe days, it was thought equitable that the ſecond ſon ſhould have a kingdom alſo. For, notwithſtanding his father was a Dane, yet his mother was an Engliſh woman, which weighed very much in his favour

* Out of this claſs Inguiphus, who died in 1109, muſt be excepted. This writer aſſerts, p. 894 and 895, that Hardeknud was in England at the time of his father's death; and that he, after a diviſion of the kingdom between himſelf and his brother Harald, went to Denmark. It is not probable, however, that he would have quitted the country for a moment when public opinion was in ſuch a doubtful ſtate. Beſides, the affairs of Denmark made it neceſſary that he ſhould viſit that kingdom previous to his father's death, ſo that he might be ready to aſſume the ſovereignty of it as ſoon as that event took place.

favour with the natives; and in order to ſtrengthen his claims to the Engliſh ſceptre, his party gave out, that his father himſelf, in his laſt moments, had declared him to be his ſucceſſor.

Several Engliſh writers do not heſitate to aſſert, that his father had divided his dominions in the following manner; namely that he bequeathed England to Harald, Denmark to Hardeknud, and Norway to Svend. This aſſertion does not even bear the ſemblance of probability; becauſe it is well known, that Knud wiſhed to unite the crowns of England and Denmark, as the ſubjugation of the former had coſt him ſo much blood and treaſure for this very purpoſe; and beſides, the Danes conceived that they had a claim on England on that account: yet, ſetting this aſide, it is not likely that he would oppoſe the wiſhes of his beloved Emma, to whom he had promiſed, that Hardeknud, his and her ſon, ſhould ſucceed to the crown of England; and in order that his intention in this reſpect ſhould be the more fully underſtood, the Engliſh, at the expreſs deſire of the king, were taught to look up to him as his immediate ſucceſſor.

The encomiaſt, in addition to this, ſays, that Hardeknud, in the life time of his father, was appointed regent over all his dominions, Norway excepted. And in other places, he ſays, that Knud and Emma always treated him as the heir apparent, and allowed him an eſtabliſhment to maintain the dignity of that title. This was ſo well known, and ſo clearly underſtood, that Harald and his party, in the beginning, ventured no further than to ſay, that Harald only wiſhed to rule the kingdom in truſt for his brother Hardeknud. And Roger Hovedon ſays, that notwithſtanding Harald aſſumed the reins of government, yet he did not rule with the authority of his father, becauſe a more lawful heir, namely, Hardeknud, was expected from Denmark.

This laſt named prince had a powerful partizan in the famous Earl Godwin, whoſe attachment to him aroſe in ſome degree from the favours which Knud and Emma had heaped on him, but ſtill more from his unbounded ambition; becauſe he conceived, that if the two crowns ſhould be united under one head, the king muſt neceſſarily be abſent on ſome occaſions in Denmark, which would not be the caſe if each kingdom was governed by its own monarch. The earl's wife beſides was a Dane. Hardeknud had alſo an additional ſource of power in his mother's treaſures; for immediately on the death of the king, Emma removed to a nunnery at Wincheſter, and carried with her all the money that Knud had left her, which ſhe promiſed to give to her favourite the moment he landed in England. Hardeknud's party, in order to weaken the intereſt of Harald, ſpread a report that he was not the ſon of Knud, but that his mother artfully feigned that ſhe was pregnant, and that on her pretended

pretended lying-in, the ſon of a ſhoe-maker was privately conveyed to her chamber, which ſhe paſſed off as the ſon of the king. But as Knud had a ſecond ſon, Svend, by the ſame queen, they alſo gave out that he was the ſon of a prieſt, and that the king never ſuſpected the deceit. Thus every baſe attempt was made, through the wicked medium of party views, to blacken the memory of the innocent mother, in order to impair the intereſt of her ſons. But what will not ambition do, when the object is a crown!

The baniſhed Engliſh princes, Alfred and Edward, (the ſons of Ethelred by Emma,) were ſcarce ever thought of, though they lived in a neighbouring ſtate; namely, Normandy. They could expect no aſſiſtance to regain their right from the duke of Normandy, who was then only eight years old: and it is well known, that their own mother bore them little affection, as ſhe never liked their father; but was fond of Knud; and all her maternal affections were centered in Hardeknud; ſo that the exiled princes had but a ſmall party in England, which was then divided between Hardeknud and Harald. Matters had now come to ſuch a criſis, that every thing bore the appearance of a civil war; in the dread of that event, men, women, and children, fled for refuge to the monaſteries. The thinking part of the natives, anxious to avert ſuch an awful irritation of providence, propoſed that a metting ſhould be held at Oxford, in order that the ſenſe of the heads of the nation might be taken on the ſituation of public affairs. Both parties accordingly met, the powerful Earl Leofric of Leiceſter, was called to the chair; and after a very ſtormy debate, it was at length reſolved, that Harald ſhould be inveſted with the regal power, ſo long as his brother Hardeknud remained in Denmark. Earl Godwin, and all the nobility in Weſſex, oppoſed this reſolution; but on finding that it was likely to be carried by a large majority, they yielded to it at laſt.

The artful Earl Godwin, though he yielded, did it with a view of gaining time, in hopes that, in the interval, Hardeknud would come over from Denmark. And as he ſaw that Harald entertained ſome fears from the party of the exiled princes, which was gathering ſtrength in England, he began to contrive how he might improve that circumſtance in favour of Hardeknud; and at the ſame time, he wiſhed to get rid of thoſe unhappy exiles, who might one day prove a thorn in the ſide of his favourite. Harald and the earl laid a plot together, with different views undoubtedly, to take away their lives.

To accompliſh this abominable end, Harald cauſed the following letter to be written to Alfred and Edward, in the name of Emma:—"Deareſt ſons, at the ſame time that we lament the death of our lord and king, and that your lawful kingdom is daily rent in pieces from you, it fills me with ſurprize to think

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that you can remain quiet under ſuch afflicting circumſtances. The uſurper, who has ſeized on your rights, gathers daily ſtrength. He flies from place to place, and through promiſes, gifts, entreaties, and threats, adds to the number of his partizans; yet, withal, they would much rather that one of you ſhould rule over them, than one who has impoſed an intolerable yoke on them. I earneſtly requeſt that one of you will come haſtily and privately over to me, that we may conſult what is beſt to be done on an occaſion that will not admit of the leaſt delay. Let me know by the bearer what you intend to do. Live and be happy, vitals of my heart."

Alfred the youngeſt, with his brother's conſent on the receipt of this letter, prepared to ſet out for England. In his way he called on Baldwin Earl of Flanders, who kindly received him, and adviſed him in vain to take a party of his own ſoldiers with him; but Alfred thought himſelf ſufficiently ſecure with a party of thoſe that he found in Boulogne ready to accompany him. Having landed at Harwich, he proceeded to Canterbury, where he was met by Earl Godwin, who ſtretched forth his right hand to the prince, ſwore fealty to him, and took him under his protection. They propoſed travelling by a circuitous route to London. When they came to Guildford, a royal ſeat in Surrey, Godwin divided his people into parties of twenty, twelve, and ten, and aſſigned apartments to each. Having entertained Alfred, and his men, with abundance of meat and drink, they retired to reſt; but as ſoon as they were all fallen into a deep ſleep, Godwin's followers, well armed, crept privately into the houſes where the gueſts were lodged, removed their weapons, and bound them hand and foot in iron chains.

The next morning they were led out in this ſituation to the amount of ſix hundred; they were ſeated in rows; ſome were beheaded, and ſome were ſcalped. The prince himſelf was brought to London. With his hands tied behind his back, he was led into the preſence of Harald, who gave way to the moſt indecorous joy on ſeeing the royal youth in chains. The king ordered the heads to be ſtruck off of two of the unhappy prince's attendants in his preſence. Alfred, half naked, was placed on a horſe, and his feet tied beneath; in this manner he was conducted along the ſea coaſt to Ely, where the ſoldiers were encouraged to treat him with all manner of indignity. A guard of the meaneſt wretches that could be picked out was placed round his perſon.

After experiencing a thouſand mockeries and inſults, he was condemned to loſe his eyes. In order to carry this ſentence into execution, he was conveyed on board a ſhip, two perſons ſtood over him, and held his arms; another ſat on his breaſt, and one on his legs: but ſuch was their impatience to root out his eyes, that the point of the knife penetrated into his brain, of which

wound he happily died in a few days. During all the time of his captivity, he was allowed only a little coarſe bread and water. I write the hiſtory of men—and of men who called themſelves Chriſtians! The monks of Ely begged his body, which they decently buried on the right hand ſide of their church.

ANTIQUITY *of the* CATAMARAN *or* STONE SHIPS.

WHOEVER now claims the honour of this invention, it certainly is not of the preſent age. The following deſcription of one, and its operation, is extracted from an old "Treatiſe of Artillery and Great Ordnance." It is there given as a quotation from "Hondius, his Fortifications and Artillery."

During the ſiege of Antwerp by the duke of Parma, he built a bridge of boats, the better to enable him to carry on his operations. This bridge the Hollanders in various ways endeavoured to deſtroy, and one of the engines employed is deſcribed as follows.

"There were two veſſels equipped, one called the Hope, and the other the Fortune, which was fitted by Peter Timmerman, engineer of Antwerp, and not by Frederick Jennibelly, though he had fitted many before, as E. de Metereus in his hiſtory relateth, for he is abuſed, and aſſuredly Timmerman fitted them, and in which he made a cheſt of ſtrong wood and ſtone, in a triangular form, as long as the veſſel, four foot broad at the bottom, and two at the top, and in which was put 18,000 pounds of powder. At the bottom was a pipe of latten, having little holes in the middle, to give fire on all the ſides in an inſtant, from which went out four other little pipes, for to give more certain fire at the time appointed. And then this cheſt was well built with ſquare ſtones, laid in mortaſs all about, then covered with grave ſtones in the manner of the roof of an houſe, and upon which grave ſtones there were gutters of fine powder. And alſo he laid 400 waggon load of ſtones without mortar or ſand, and upon the tomb ſtones, in the gutters, there were 24 matches, which ought to fire at the prefixed time; and alſo they put poles round about, to hinder the enemy from boarding, and encompaſſed the veſſel with great pitched caſks which were to be fired, that none could poſſibly enter.

"The ſaid Timmerman took with him a captain named Lankhear, for to guide the boats in the way, who with his ſeamen did ſo fit it, putting underneath a ſail, (that the courſe of the river might better carry it before) a foot under water, and the ſaid captain put behind a certain tail or train, viz. faſtened behind the rudder four fathom long, and at the end was faſtened a great bundle of old nets, with a heavy piece of timber, which kept the ſhip ſteady in its courſe, that it could not roll or ſheer

on either ſide; and being ſo finiſhed, was conducted in the night towards the bridge, by the ſaid Peter Timmerman, with other four ſeamen in company, to conduct the rudder; and ſo floating very near the bridge, the ſaid Timmerman fired the 24 matches, and went behind the rudder to the other ſeamen, and immediately the pitched caſks were on a light fire all about the ſhip. They fired many ſhots from both ſides the river, which forced Timmerman to retire as faſt as he could, after whom the Spaniards made many ſhots, but all in vain. The ſhip arriving at the bridge, one would have thought that heaven and earth had finiſhed their courſe. When the powder took fire, it gave ſo great a blow under water, that the water lept on the other ſide of the bank, filled the fort on Callo ſide, and laid all the fields round about under water; all the fire and matches were extinguiſhed, the greateſt part of the fort thrown down, and the cannon loſt. One might have ſeen great heavy ſtones fly in the air, and driven half a league into the country.

It blew up ſix ſhips of the bridge, of which three were ſo torn, that one could not ſo much as find a piece, the others caſt and thrown with their bottoms upwards, ſo that the bridge was entirely broke. There were alſo more than 800 people blown up, and ſome perſons of quality, as the marquis of Reeſbork, general of the cavalry; my Lord Billy, formerly governor of Freeze, my Lord Torſy, and 23 captains, and ſome of the prince of Parma's court, the prince himſelf being in great danger; for as Metteren relates, the Spaniards made all their endeavours to extinguiſh the fire by caſting in of water, which they did all round about, (not dreaming of the powder, and that the matches were then ready to fire) begun to mock at its vain effects, thinking that all the outward fire was the product of this engine. The duke was ſo long time a looking on, that all the fire was quenched, but being already retired at ſome diſtance, the blow was given with ſuch fury, that the duke, and the marquis of Guaſto, and others that accompanied them were all blown down, and one could not perceive the leaſt trace of footing of the Fort Awſterwell. But the ſaid Timmerman, willing that they ſhould purſue the victory, ſignified to the lords, that there was made a ſufficient hole or opening in the bridge; but ſome ſeeing from afar the Spaniards turning and returning with torches and lanthorns upon the bridge, could not believe that there was a ſufficient overture made, or that it had done any great effect, and therefore did not at all follow that advantage. In the mean time the duke repaired it with all imaginable diligence, much admiring that the Antwerpers and Zealanders had not taken hold of that occaſion, and given an aſſault. For the breach was ſo great, that the city might have been eaſily ſupplied with neceſſary proviſions: and from this, one may obſerve, how one ought to conduct ſuch works without leaving of them in ſuch

time

time as the deſign is ready to take effect. Moreover the figure (A) ſhews how the ſhip was fitted a ſtern, with its maſon's work, and the caſk; and how the trains and fuſes came within. Alſo the matches were dipped in oil of turpentine to give better fire together, for that gives a blow as ſwift as lightning. Above the ſtones were faggots with ſtraw, and great trunks of green wood faſtened with chains of iron together, all about the ſhip, as the letter (B) doth ſhew, which could not but frighten the beholder."

EXPERIMENT *of* BARKING TREES.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

IN the chapter in Dr. Darwin's Phytologia, which treats of the converſion of the leaf-buds of thoſe fruit-trees, which produce abundance of healthy luxuriant wood, but little bloſſom, into flower-buds, the doctor gives ſeveral directions for cauſing this deſirable change; ſuch as binding the two vigorous ſtems with wire or ſtring, breaking ſome of the branches half through, nailing them in an horizontal poſition, &c. &c. But the method on which he ſeems chiefly to rely, is to cut off from the barren branches a complete, or nearly complete cylinder of bark; and he tells us, that five years prior to the time of writing that part of his work, this experiment had been made on the branch of a pear-tree in Mr. Howard's garden, at Litchfield, which branch ſince the operation had every year produced an abundant crop of pears, while the reſt of the tree bore little or nothing.

In reading this fact, I was ſtruck with its importance; as it is well known, that in every large garden there are numbers of trees, wall-trees as well as ſtandards, which annually make vigorous ſhoots of wood, without bearing any bloſſom, and which in that ſtate are conſequently merely an incumbrance on the ground. Such an experiment, I thought, deſerved repeating, that the accuracy of its reſult might be placed beyond doubt; and as in my garden there are ſeveral barren but healthy fruit-trees of the above deſcription, I reſolved to treat them agreeably to Dr. Darwin's directions.

Accordingly this ſummer, from the branches of two pear-trees, I took off complete cylinders of bark, about an inch in breadth, and from the branches of pear and nectarine trees, I cut off $\frac{3}{4}$ of a circle of their bark, only leaving the remaining $\frac{1}{4}$ as a connecting ſlip. Of the iſſue of theſe experiments, in courſe, I ſhall not be able to judge before another year. In the mean time, however, I have accidentally ſtumbled on an unin-

tended experiment, as I may call it, which leaves me no doubt that the result will be highly favourable to my expectations. This fact, which it is the purpose of the present letter to record in your magazine, is as follows:

About a month ago, being on a visit at a friend's, I observed the leaves of a low branch of a pear-tree nailed to the wall of his house, to be of a much lighter green than the rest of the tree; and so great was the difference of colour, that I distinguished it at a considerable distance. On approaching the tree to examine it, I was surprized to find this branch loaded with pears, while on the other branches of the tree, which seemed highly vigorous, there were only one or two scattered here and there. At once, however, I perceived the cause of this difference, and was not a little pleased to have met by chance with such a striking proof of the truth of Dr. Darwin's ideas on this point: for I found that at the base of this branch, the bark had been so completely destroyed by cattle, that I could not, on narrow examination, perceive the smallest slip to connect its bark with the bark of the main tree. The part thus stripped, was in some places three or four inches, and behind the branch about half an inch broad only, but in every part completely bare of bark.

My friend had paid no attention to this circumstance, and therefore was not able to give me any information as to the productiveness of this branch in former years, nor as to the time when his cattle had gnawed the bark from off it; but from its appearance, I should guess it had been done several years.

Dr. Darwin, in his relation of the experiment made in Mr. Howard's garden, says, that after a few years, he observed the pears on the branch which had been stripped of a circle of its bark, to be smaller than those on the rest of the tree, and the leaves on this branch to be of a lighter green. These circumstances exactly agree with my observations on the fact above related, for the light green of the leaves, of the branch of my friend's pear-tree, was, as I have mentioned, the singularity which drew my attention to it, and the pears on this branch certainly seemed to me smaller, though not much smaller, than those on the rest of the tree.

The difference in colour of the leaves, and less size of the fruit, would seem to prove a want of health in the branches on which this operation has been made; but however this may be, if branches which before were barren will after this treatment for years (that they will for four or five years is ascertained) bear loads of fruit, it would seem that the operation might be nevertheless highly profitable, even though the branches so treated should after a certain period cease to be productive or die. In this case, as it does not appear that the health of the rest of the tree is at all injured by the operation, such branches might be successively cut

out,

out, and the new ſhoots, when of ſufficient growth, treated in like manner.

It is evident, that experiments are ſtill wanted to ſhew whether the partial and entire decorticating of a circle of the branches of fruit-trees is preferable, and what is the conſequence, after a period of years, to the health of theſe branches, and to the quantity, ſize, and flavour of fruit produced on them.

I am, Sir, &c.

September 12, 1804.

W.

Deſcription of the Markets and Coffee-Houſes of Paris.

THE market-places of this immenſe metropolis are filthy and diſguſting in the extreme; it is a chaos where all ſorts of commodities are jumbled together; the few ſheds there are in a very ſmall degree protect the proviſions of the town from the inclemencies of the weather. When it rains the water drops from the tops of the houſes into the baſkets that contain the fruit, vegetables, and butter. The outſkirts of the markets are hardly paſſable; the places where the ſtands are being ſmall and narrow, you are in conſtant danger from the carriages that paſs while you are completing your bargain. Sometimes the ſtream, pouring along, carries off part of the very goods it had but a little before brought to the town, and you ſee the fiſh, accuſtomed to clear water, flouncing about in a muddy pool. The noiſe and confuſion of theſe places is ſo great, that it requires the lungs of a Stentor to make yourſelf heard; the tower of Babel could not have been a greater ſcene of diſtraction.

Within theſe five and twenty years paſt a detached place has been built for the ſale of flour, which has, indeed, diſencumbered the market, but is in itſelf too ſmall; it would ſuit any inferior town very well; but the conſumption being ſo great, many ſacks of flour are expoſed to the rain from the number there depoſited. I know not how it it is, but a mean niggardly ſpirit is manifeſt in all their modern public erections, which prevents any thing great being carried into execution.

The fiſh-markets are infectious. The republics of Greece forbad the ſellers of fiſh to ſit while they diſpoſed of their goods; the deſign of which decree was to cauſe the fiſh to be made uſe of while it was perfectly freſh, and at a low price. The fiſhmongers of Paris will not ſell their fiſh 'till it is nearly paſt eating; they keep up the price as long as they can, and the Pariſian is the readieſt of all creatures in the world for making an hearty meal of that which ſtinks; if you reproach him with it,

it, he anſwers, we can but eat. He eats, indeed, but makes himſelf ſick.

We may ſtate the coffee-houſes of Paris to be about ſeven hundred; they are the refuge of the idle, and the aſylum of the indigent; there they warm themſelves in the winter to ſave fire at home. In ſome of them they hold academical meetings, where the merits of all new productions are judged of and eſtimated; alſo every thing relating to the theatre and to poetry. All thoſe who have been unfortunate in their attempts on the ſtage go thither, and are the ſevereſt; for the damned author is ever the moſt cruel of critics. Parties are there formed for and againſt a literary work; and there are chiefs on both ſides who take care to make themſelves dreaded, for they take an author whom they diſlike to pieces from morning 'till night; it often happens, indeed, that they did not underſtand him; but they go on declaiming againſt him, and literary reputation muſt endure this ſtormy trial.

In moſt coffee-houſes the idle trifling prater is moſt tireſome; he is perpetually plodding over the newſpaper, and in that reſpect the Pariſian credulity has no limits; they ſwallow every thing that is offered them, and a thouſand times impoſed upon, as often return to a miniſterial pamphlet. A character of this ſtamp goes to the coffee-houſe at ten in the morning, not to quit it 'till eleven at night; his dinner is a diſh of coffee with milk, and he ſups with another trifler; the rich fool laughs at him, inſtead of aſking him to dinner.

It is no longer looked on as very reputable to frequent much theſe coffee-houſes, becauſe it indicates a want of good connections and genteel ſociety. Thoſe houſes, however, where men of learning and good information meet, will always be an agreeable relief when the conſtant round of the higher circles begins to be tireſome.

In general the coffee one meets with at theſe houſes is very bad, and too much burnt; the lemonade very dangerous, and the other liquors are made up with ſpirit of wine; but the good Pariſian, who is always ſatisfied with the appearances of things, ſwallows them all down.

Every coffee-houſe has an orator in chief: thoſe in the fauxbourgs are commonly provided with a gentleman of that deſcription from amongſt the tailors' apprentices, or the ſhoemakers; and why not? ought not the vanity and ſelf-love of all to be in ſome degree gratified.

Great court is paid to the ladies of the coffee-houſes, who, always ſurrounded by men, are obliged to affect a ſuperior degree of virtue, to keep off the conſtant attacks they are expoſed to: they are all great coquettes, but coquetry ſeems to be a neceſſary attribute of their profeſſion.

Account of the Compaſs, an original Invention of the Chineſe.

THE preſent ſyſtem of Chineſe navigation is to keep as near the ſhore as poſſible: and never to loſe ſight of land, unleſs in voyages that abſolutely require it; ſuch as to Japan, Batavia, and Cochin-China. Knowing the bearing, or direction of the port intended to be made, let the wind be fair or foul, they endeavour, as nearly as poſſible, to keep the head of the ſhip always pointing towards the port by means of the compaſs. This inſtrument, as uſed in China, has every appearance of originality. The natives know nothing, from hiſtory or tradition, of its firſt introduction or diſcovery; and the uſe of the magnet, for indicating the poles of the earth, can be traced, from their records, to a period of time, when the greateſt part of Europe was in a ſtate of barbariſm.

It has been conjectured, indeed, that the uſe of the magnetic needle in Europe, was firſt brought from China by the famous traveller, Mario Polo, the Venetian. Its appearance immediately after his death, or according to ſome, while he was yet living, but, at all events, in his own country, renders ſuch a conjecture extremely probable. The embaſſies in which he was employed by Kublai-Khan, and the long voyages he performed by ſea, could ſcarcely have been practicable without the aid of the compaſs. Be this as it may, the Chineſe were, without doubt, well acquainted with this inſtrument long before the thirteenth century.

It is recorded in their beſt authenticated annals, merely as a fact, and not as any extraordinary circumſtance, that the emperor, Chung-ko, preſented an ambaſſador of Cochin-China, who had loſt his way in coming by ſea, with a *ting-nan-tchin*, (a needle pointing out the ſouth) the name which it ſtill retains. Even this idea of the ſeat of magnetic influence, together with the conſtruction of the compaſs-box; the diviſion of the card into eight principal points, and each of theſe again ſubdivided into three; the manner of ſuſpending the needle; and its diminutive ſize, ſeldom exceeding in length three quarters of an inch, are all of them ſtrong preſumptions of its being an original, and not a borrowed invention. By ſome indeed, it has been conjectured, that the Scythians, in the northern regions of Aſia, were acquainted with the polarity of the magnet, in ages antecedent to all hiſtory; and that the virtue of this foſſil was intended to be meant by the flying arrow, preſented to Abaris by Apollo, about the time of the Trojan war; with the help of which he could tranſport himſelf wherever he pleaſed.

The abundance of iron ores, and perhaps of native iron, in every part of Tartary, and the very early period of time in which

which the natives were acquainted with the proceſs of ſmelting theſe ores, render the idea not improbable, of the northern nations of Europe, and Aſia, (or the Scythians) being firſt acquainted with the polarity of the magnet.

ANECDOTES *of* COMMODORE WILSON.

THE gallant action of Captain Dance, in beating off a ſhip of the line with Indiamen only, ſtands unrivalled in the annals even of his own country, if we except the truly gallant exploit of Commodore Wilſon, on the 9th of March, 1757. He, like Captain Dance, not only offered his enemy battle "if he choſe to come down," but when he did come attacked him with the ſame intrepidity; engaged him with the ſame ſingular fortune; nor quitted him until that enemy (in a line of battle ſhip, together with a frigate of 26 guns) flew from the commander of three or four heavy-laden Engliſh Eaſt-Indiamen. Captain Dance fought and put to flight the French admiral; Captain Wilſon fought and purſued the opponent of the Engliſh admiral, on the 3d of Auguſt, 1758.

Both commanders received the thanks of the Hon. court of directors of the Eaſt-India company, and ſimilar acknowledgments for each brilliant ſervice.

A ſpecial commiſſion being ſoon afterwards conferred on the hero of the 9th of March, conſtituting him "Commodore and commander of all ſhips and veſſels belonging to the Engliſh Eaſt-India company," he was appointed to the Pitt, Eaſt-India ſhip of war, of 50 guns. On his arrival in the Eaſt-Indies he again manifeſted his gallant ſpirit; he volunteered his ſhip and his ſervices to Admiral Pococke. In the Bay of Bengal he chaſed and brought to action a French ſhip of the line of 70 guns. At Batavia he vindicated the rights of his country againſt the Dutch; and, after having conferred Britiſh names on diſtant lands, he atchieved that which no other commander in the India ſervice had ever dared to attempt before him, and availed Britiſh commerce of the advantages it has ſince derived from the eaſtern paſſage to China, through Pitt's Straits. He returned and reſigned a commiſſion, the duties of which he had diſcharged with ſo much private honour and public advantage.

Commodore Wilſon died at Ayton, in Cleveland, Yorkſhire, on the 17th of June, 1795; where he was beloved and reſpected by all who knew him.

APPOSITE TEXT.

A Clergyman in the reign of James I. and VI. that reign of point and quaint compoſition, having been ſo fortunate as

to be mentioned to his majesty, was commanded to preach before him in the chapel royal. The preacher considering himself in duty bound to edify his royal auditor, chose a text which conveyed a lesson of which his majesty was known to stand in need.—"In the first chapter of St. James," said he, "at the 6th verse, it is thus written—"He that wavereth," &c.—Then directing his looks to the king, he repeated, James i. and 6.—"He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven of the wind and tossed."—"I know it," whispered the king, "he is at me already."

ON FORTITUDE.

FORTITUDE does not consist in a stoical apathy, or in a mere indifference to the misfortunes of life. It is impossible that we can be insensible to human misery; but fortitude calls upon us to bear it with resignation. It does not shrink from the post of duty, though danger may be attached to our situation. This virtue has been exemplified in many instances. The history of our own country produces many examples. Who was more magnanimous than King Alfred?—Fleeing for his life, his courage did not forsake him.—He rallied his forces and conquered the enemy, in a very unexpected manner. How renowned was William the Conqueror! All dangers were alike to him. By fortitude he rose superior to every foe. In more modern times, the duke of Marlborough appears to possess remarkable courage, and saves this kingdom from ruin. More recent instances do still occur, of a Nelson and Smith, who have been the admiration of the world.

We are informed, that an Italian bishop who had endured much persecution with a calm unruffled temper, was asked by a friend, how he attained to such a mastery of himself? "By making a right use of my eyes," said he; "I first look up to Heaven, as the place whither I am going to live for ever—I next look down upon the earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want—I then look round me, and think how many are far more wretched than I am."

Thus it appears, that fortitude is productive of many advantages. We perceive them in the incidents of common life, as well as in things of more importance. Who could endure the loss of valuable friends, or the slights of pretended ones, if fortitude did not assist our disconsolate minds? Unexpected events do happen in our connections in life, and they would be too much for us, if it were not for this heroic virtue. Those who possess it in a great degree, are like the oak, invulnerable in the midst of the greatest danger. They have the complete mastery of themselves.

Anſwer, by W. Commins, of Taviſtock, to Bolgores's Charade, inſerted Sept. 17.

WORMWOOD is known the ſtomach to ſtrengthen,
And many lives it is thought to lengthen.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey; and R. Holwell, and W. Strong, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by S. March, of Exeter, to T. Boult's Rebus, inſerted September 24.

SACRED to memory! to his country dear,
'Tis WESTCOTT claims the tributary tear!
A hero great, fame does him well explore,
And France ſtill dreads him, though he breathes no more.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Recluſe, of Wiveliſcombe; and W. Commins, of Exeter.

MUSICAL QUESTION, *by T. Shoel, of Montacute.*

THERE are two fundamental chords in harmony from which all others, both conſonant and diſſonant, are derived. What are they?

A CHARADE, *by J. B. Bloomfield, of Poole.*

FOUR-FIFTHS of what moſt men will do,
Should Gallia's hoſt appear in view;
Half of a plant you'll next produce,
Which wholeſome is, and fit for uſe:
In Goadby's page, and Flora's train,
You'll ſee my whole, pray find its name.

A CHARADE, *by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth.*

WHEN Ceres on the fertile plain
Deſcends, and ſpreads her lovely train,
My firſt adorns the ground;
When Æolus, howling from the north,
Doth ſend his frigid tempeſt forth,
My next is plenteous found:
Explore the manſions of the great,
And there my whole you'll find complete.

An ENIGMA, *by J. T. Symons, of Exeter.*

THERE is a ſpot, ſay travellers, where it lies,
And mark the form, the limits, and the ſize,
Where grow no trees, nor wave the golden grain,
Nor hills, or dales diverſify the plain;
Eternal green, without the farmer's toil,
Pearl, iv'ry, diamond, all enrich the ſoil.
Fair pools, in which the finny race abound,
Encircled by a beauteous edge around.
Britons beware! avoid the fatal ſhore,
Thouſands are ruin'd, it may ruin more;
Nor be allur'd by what we tempting ſee,
What falls to others may not fall to thee.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

PALEMON's FAREWELL *to the* MUSE.

THE muſe, that oft has cheer'd my youthful hours,
I bid farewell! Far other ſcenes ariſe
Than ſportive fancy to my view diſplay'd.
Scenes that create a thouſand pond'rous cares,
'Till now unknown. The ever-buſy world
Each thought abſorbs, and ſpoils the painted dreams
Which faithleſs hope had cheriſh'd in the mind.
More arduous taſks my fond ideas claim,
And rouſe me from the lethargy of ſloth.

And thou, O Goadby! who ſo long haſt known
Hilarius, Edwin, and Palemon's name,
A long farewell! Reluctantly I quit
The gay purſuits which earlier youth inſpir'd.
Yet ſtill may'ſt thou, from abler bards receive
More noble wreaths of fancy's fairy flow'rs
To decorate thy page. There ſtill may truth
Its ſacred ſtandard raiſe on virtue's ſhrine,
And prove the guardian of deluded youth.
My lyre, unſtrung, muſt now neglected lie,
Nor e'er muſt love, or fancy's magic power,
The ſlumbering muſe awake. *Once more farewell!*

Dock, Devon. PALEMON.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO JEALOUSY.

THOU dark fell monſter! Foe of ſocial life!
Avaunt thy ſcouling eye.
Bend not on me thy ſullen jaundic'd look.
Turn hence thy ſnaky head,
And baniſh'd ever be thy hated form.
'Tis ſaid thou'rt love's companion. No,
Deteſted hag! Love chuſes better company.
The ſmiles, the dimples, and the pleaſures his.
He ſtarts and flies whenever thou appear'ſt.
Approach thou not the happy pair
Whom Hymen holds in bonds, ſweet'ners of each other's lives—
And daſh the cup of joy away. Diſſolving bliſs
Which years and tender intercourſe have rear'd.
Come not, as with my fair and gentle friends,
I mix in eaſy chat.
Full well I know when thou appear'ſt,
Thou yellow, lurking fiend!
I've ſeen a face beam ſmiles and chearfulneſs,
Kindneſs and pleaſure play in either eye;
At once the lower'd brow, and alter'd tone,
Proclaim thy hated preſence.
The kind regard, the eaſy flow of converſation,
Is rudely chang'd to dull, dead looks,
And ſullen monoſyllables.

Deteſted

Deteſted ſpectre! May thy hollow eye
Ne'er gleam where I am. Croſs not the path
Of love or friendſhip here. Get hence below,
And mix with thy congenial fiends.

L. S. O——.

LINES *on the* DEATH *of a* MOTHER.

O Thou! dear guardian of my infant days!
How weak my verſe to ſpeak thy matchleſs praiſe!
A mother—ſofteſt friend, by nature given!
Too early call'd by all-diſpoſing Heaven.
Ah! me—unhappy! early left to ſtray,
Unknown and friendleſs, 'long a troublous way;
Where ſorrow, pain, and poverty attend,
And where the wretched ſeldom find a friend!
Condemn'd the frown of fortune's ſons to prove,
And the ſad ſorrows of neglected love:
How oft will fancy, in a tearful hour,
Awaken memory's too painful power!
Recall thoſe happy days I once did prove
Beneath the ſhelter of parental love!
Then guileleſs childhood, pleas'd with ev'ry toy,
Nor thought, or wiſh'd, for more efficient joy;
A ſiſter's death diſpell'd the fairy ſcene,
And bade me view the final end of being;
Taught me thoſe pleaſures which the good ſhall have,
Tho' laid within the confines of the grave;
And bade me look beyond our preſent ſtate
For all-enduring time without a date!
A Saviour's ſuff'rings taught my heart to glow,
That he for man ſuch wondrous love ſhould ſhew!
Scarce dry my tears for her lamented death,
Ere Heaven too ſoon requir'd a mother's breath;
Led her too ſoon from earth's diurnal ſphere
To Heaven, and made a ſmiling angel there!

Lov'd being! if 'tis granted thee to know
The various acts of thoſe you left below,
Still let thy ſon thy tender guidance ſhare,
And teach me to elude each latent ſnare;
The world may ſhew content with bleſſings given,
And fix my firm, my ardent hopes on Heaven!
There may I hope ſome happy time to meet,
With thee, dear woman! and a ſiſter ſweet!

He, too, thy partner thro' this tearful vale,
When ſpent the ſtorm, and weather'd out the gale,
Safe anchor'd at thy ſide, will hope to prove
The utmoſt ſaints can know of bliſs and love!
O bleſſed thought! ſoon may we reach that ſhore,
Where time, nor death, ſhall e'er divide us more!

The TIMID LOVER.—*By Sir* JOHN MOORE.

WITHIN that breaſt, ſo good, ſo pure,
Compaſſion ever lov'd to dwell;
Pity the ſorrow I endure,
The cauſe—I muſt not—dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will laſt me all my days—
But feel it will not laſt me long.